

## JACOB CLOY COMES BACK.

Father of John Cloy, Remains After an Absence of 51 Years.

(Aiken Journal and Review.)

About a mile from Doryana and about 12 miles from Aiken is the old Posey homestead. At one time, long ago, this was the seat of one of the most prosperous plantations in this section. Frank Posey, the owner, was a true type of the rich Southern planter of the ante-bellum days, owning many slaves and living in a manner almost princely in style. Today this old homestead is owned by those of another name and the old place is no longer the scene of affluent ease, but the old house is crumbling down and the lands no longer yield their plenty at the hands of their black tillers. The story of the decline of the Posey family and the decay of this country seat is a story of greed and murder.

The great farmer had a son, Martin Posey, who married a young wife, in 1849, and for a while lived happily on the place given him by his father. The young wife was an heiress, sharing a large property with her sister who was unmarried.

Finally the demon of greed entered the heart of the young man and he began to think how he could obtain possession of the property of both his wife and her sister. And then the thought of murder and the man's soul was sold for its price. Martin Posey, it is said, tried in many ways to put his wife out of the way without murdering her in cold blood. She escaped several traps set for her and he at last decided to settle the matter once and for all. He told her one night that the dairy was open and she had better attend to securing the milk. The unsuspecting woman went to the dairy and husband followed. There awaiting her was a burly negro who, obeying his master's previous instructions, beat the young woman down with a club. Then, on her knees, the poor wife saw her lord and master standing in the darkness making signs to the blacker faced, but no blacker villain, urging him to finish his work. It is said that the poor victim begged her husband not to kill her, but Posey continued to urge the negro, who beat her to the ground. Then the body was dragged into the bushes and hastily buried. For ten days after the body was searched for and finally discovered in its dishonored grave. Then the finger of suspicion finally pointed to the husband; who in the meantime had committed murder to cover the first; he had sent word to the negro who knew of his guilt, and under a promise to give him a large sum of money to leave the country, had lured him to the swamp and had there shot him and buried his body in the swamp. Martin Posey, whose plan was to marry his wife's sister, and thereby gain the whole inheritance, was convicted and hanged before his plans could be fully matured and today his lonely grave, near his home, is shunned by the negroes of the community, who believe that the devil and Posey hold high carnival there every night.

Now, all this tale of horror would no doubt have been forgotten as it has been for nearly 60 years if it had not

## Sick Blood

Feed pale girls on Scott's Emulsion.

We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood.

The fact that it is the best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, rich in nutrition, full of healthy stimulation is a suggestion as to why it does what it does.

Scott's Emulsion presents Cod Liver Oil at its best, fullest in strength, least in taste.

Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.

We will be glad to send a sample to any sufferer.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Post St., New York.

been for the arrival of an old gentleman at Graniteville on the night of last Monday week. On that night an old man of 81 years of age boarded the train for Charleston, which left Augusta at 11:15 p.m., and told conductor Weston that he was the father of Judge John R. Cloy, of Graniteville, and wanted to go there. The conductor told the old man that Judge Cloy's father had been dead for over forty years, but the venerable passenger was so insistent and was so anxious to reach his son's home that when the train reached Graniteville the conductor told the station agent to see that the old gentleman reached the home of Judge Cloy.

The agent escorted the old man to the home of Judge Cloy and there his identity was established and it was proven beyond a doubt that the ancient stranger was Jacob Wesley Cloy, the father of the honorable Judge of Graniteville.

When Jacob Cloy left his family and home his son was only 27 years old. He held the position of overseer on the estate of Frank Posey and was the staunch friend of the son, Martin Posey. When the young wife was missed Cloy joined with the others in the search for the body and was one of the party who found it. As said before suspicion pointed to the husband of the murdered woman as the guilty party and the evidence of Jacob Cloy was considered a strong point in the case of the prosecution. Finally the day of the trial came and the court room was crowded. Every one was waiting to hear what Jacob Cloy had to say but when his name was called he did not answer. He was searched for at his home, but although the prisoner was hanged it was not the evidence of his friend Cloy, which sent him to the gallows.

At first it was whispered that another murder was committed in order to cover the others, but after a while a great many people became convinced that Cloy had left rather than testify against his friend. Now, after fifty-four years this idea is confirmed, but still not one word will the venerable Jacob Cloy utter in relation to the murder. If he knows anything at all about it he keeps it to himself and rightly or wrongly, he is still true to the friend of his youth. When asked why he left his home and deserted his young wife and infant son, he replies, "that is too long past to talk about now." Although 83 years of age Mr. Cloy is quite active and is remarkably bright and quick in thought. He has traveled over the greater part of the United States and Canada and has several times owned considerable money. He has been engaged in the live stock business and his ventures in this line put him up in the world several times. During the war he served through the four years' struggle as a scout. His conversation about his experiences after he left his home is entertaining, his interesting stories being full of wit and humor. He has come to his son to spend his last years broken in fortune and having no claim upon that son, and not having the satisfaction of knowing that that son's ability to care for him is due to any effort on his own part.

When he left his home 51 years ago he left that wife with the infant son to provide for. Well has the mother wrought, as Jacob Cloy above all men should be able to appreciate. Mrs. Cloy died in 1889, never having heard from her truant husband.

Once before had Judge Cloy met his father. During the latter part of the Civil war, when Judge Cloy was a student at the Arsenal in Columbia. The Confederacy needed men and the boys of the South answered the call and became men. The boys of the Arsenal and the Citadel Academy, at Charleston, were mustered into one company and sent to camp at Spartanburg. They were never ordered to the front, as, soon after this, Lee surrendered at Appomattox and the young soldiers were disbanded.

While traveling to his home in Edgefield District, now a part of Aiken county, the youthful soldier, John R. Cloy, met a man in charge of a drove of stock that was being driven through the country. The man and the boy soldier struck up a conversation and when the young man told his name the man began to question him very closely. They were together for nearly an hour and as the man was about to depart he told the youthful Confederate that he was his father. The youth was incredulous and the man rode on without giving any further information. When young Cloy reached home he recited the occurrence to his mother. From the description given of the man and the subjects on which he asked questions Mrs. Cloy was positive that the driver who encountered her son, was her husband.

Nothing more was heard of the husband and father until one day about two years ago, Judge Cloy met a brother of his father in Augusta, who told him his parent was still living. Of this Judge Cloy was incredulous, and would not even bother to write to the address given. However the arrival of the ancient passenger of the midnight at Graniteville the other night has settled the question.

The story of Jacob Cloy is, indeed, interesting. If he ever tells the facts of the Posey murder it will not change the status of a case which at the time of its trial excited much more than a passing interest.

As said before, this horrible story has lain forgotten by many and unknown by many more, for nearly a half century. The reason why its history is revived now is because the arrival of the "prodigal father" at Graniteville demands the facts as given. Therefore after this passing glance at the part that should be forgotten let us once more forget.

### Saved by a Drunkard.

A woman, whose husband is a lawyer in the Ashland block, took her small son, aged 6, and her smaller daughter, aged 4, to the Iroquois Theatre on that fateful Wednesday afternoon. They had seats close to the stage. The mother occupied the seats farthest from the aisle, then came the little boy, and then the little girl. Next to her was a vacant aisle seat. Presently a fairly well dressed man came in alone and sat down in the vacant seat.

It gradually developed that the newcomer was intoxicated. The liquor had had the effect of putting him in perfect good humor with the world. He paid small attention to the stage, but was apparently much struck with the beauty of the little yellow-haired tot who sat next to him. He began to talk with her, but the baby was frightened and tried to edge away.

"Put-ty lil' gir-rl," he said coaxingly, patting her gently on the head with a large, red hand. The man's talk was attracting the attention of other people, and the child's mother leaned over and asked him to stop.

"Thas' aw rig'," he said with a broad smile. "Thas' aw' rig'." She is a put-ty lil' gir-rl, ain't she?" Finally, the embarrassed mother appealed to an usher, who came down the aisle and asked the man on the aisle to stop talking to his neighbors. He, too, was answered by a grin and a request to look at the "put-ty lil' gir-rl."

Shortly after the first symptoms of fire were noticed on the stage, the mother with her two small children, were frightened from the first. But the drunken man leaned over and shook a finger at her reassuringly.

"Don't you be 'fraid nussin'," he said, thickly. "Don't you be 'fraid. You chess come with me."

Without waiting for an answer he seized the little girl, tucked her away under one arm, picked up the boy under his left, and with the half hysterical woman clinging to his coat in the rear went staggering up the center aisle towards the main entrance. He started before there was any great alarm in the house and pronto still sitting in the aisles had time to laugh at his drunken efforts to appear dignified.

But just as the strange party reached the door the storm broke out behind them. Out into the street staggered the man, still firmly holding the children under his arms. He showed no inclination to put them down.

"Won't you come up with me to my husband's office in the Ashland block?" pleaded the woman.

"Sure," stammered the man, still with a smile. "Ganywhere wiss the put-ty lil' gir-rl."

They went over to the Ashland and took an elevator to the husband's office. In staggered the man, still carrying the babies, set them down on the floor, and promptly relapsed into a chair and went to sleep. Meanwhile the terrified woman was telling her husband the awful story of the fire and how a strange and drunken man had saved them all. Naturally the husband was extremely grateful to the stranger. He went out into the outer office to express his thanks, but found it first necessary to wake up the hero, who was by this time snoring noisily.

"Nos-attall," said the drunken man, waving an unsteady hand. "Nos-attall. No thanks 'tall. Put-ty lil' gir-rl ain't she?"

He smiled aimlessly at the child's father.

"Here," said the father, pulling a \$20 bill from his pocket. "Take this for me, anyhow, just to show that I appreciate what you have done for me."

With a stiff and drunken dignity the man straightened himself up until his head was further back than his heels.

"Aw, give your money to th' beath-en. I got money my own, I have," he said, angrily. "You're a stiff, you are."

Whereupon, having untangled his feet, he went out into the street, refusing to give his name or to allow any one to accompany him.

Is there a moral to this true story? If so, what is it?—Chicago Tribune.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price 25c.

The least year girl should remember that faint heart never wins the easy mark.

### Invents a Cotton Picker.

Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 17.—A Memphis man, who has been for some years at work on a pneumatic cotton picker, has been granted patents on several improvements on his machine.

The invention of a machine that will pick cotton—one that can do the work which negroes are called upon to do—has been the goal of many an inventor for half a century. Many thousands of dollars have been spent in trying to give to the cotton States a picker that would pick. This machine was tried last season, minus several of the improvements for which the inventor has just been granted a patent, and did good work. The picker tried during the present season had most of these improvements and did work highly satisfactory to the inventor and the capitalists who are backing him.

The machine is called a pneumatic cotton picker. It is mounted on a highwheeled frame, something like a wagon. This wagon covers one row.

Hose attached to different parts of the machine, allow the men operating it to pick two rows on each side of the machine, which, with the row under the picker machinery, give a total of five rows that can be picked at one trip.

The speed with which the cotton can be gathered depends on the skill of the men who have the handling of the hose. There are four lines of this hose directly connected with a 26-inch blower, which pulls the cotton from the bolls through the blower and dumps it into a large bag attached to the bed of the machine. Power to run the blower is obtained from a six-horse power gasoline engine at the front of the picker frame. When the end of a set of rows is reached all that is necessary is for the driver of the two mules to turn around and go back over another set of rows.

One of the operators or the man who drives the team is supposed to watch the bag, and when it is full unhook it and attach another. These bags, owing to the force with which the cotton is sent into them by the powerful blower, are packed tighter than they can be "tramped" by the old-time method.

Five men are required to operate the picker. It is declared to have a capacity of from 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of cotton a day of ten hours, more than four times the amount that can be picked by hand.

### Hard on the Doctor.

Down in the National Capital they still stick to herdies—those miniature busses which seat four passengers. A pedestrian, seeing a herdie which contains fewer than four passengers, can always hail it and get in. When the four seats are filled the driver lets drop a small swinging signboard which reads "Full," and drives on about his business.

Recently there was a great religious convention held in Washington. A prominent doctor of divinity from Chicago was on the programme to read an important paper. The train on which he traveled to the Capital was delayed by a wreck, and when it reached the station in Washington it was nearly 11 o'clock, the hour at which the doctor was down to address the convention.

Fearful lest he should be late, he jumped into a waiting herdie and told the driver to drive straight to the convention hall.

"Don't wait for any more passengers," said the doctor, "I will pay you extra."

Accordingly the driver whipped up his horses and, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, also dropped the signboard at the rear of the vehicle, reading, "Full."

The drive was quite a long one and the good doctor, overcome by fatigue and loss of sleep, lay back in one corner of the herdie and took a nap.

In this position the doctor was seen by a couple of Chicago men, who recognized him with a smile.

"I suppose the best of us get that way once in a while," said one of them, "but I really don't see the use of advertising it so publicly."—Chicago Tribune.

## SKIN DISEASES THE OUTCROPPING OF BAD BLOOD

And while not always painful are aggravating beyond expression. With few exceptions they are worse in spring and summer when the system begins to thaw out and the skin is reacting and making extra efforts to throw off the poisons that have accumulated during the winter. Then boils and pimples, rashes and eruptions of every conceivable kind make their appearance, and Eczema or Itter—the twin terrors of skin diseases—settle-rash, Poison Oak and Ivy.

And such other skin troubles as usually remain quiet during cold weather, break out afresh to torment and disfigure by their fearful burning, itching and stinging. A course of S. S. S. now will purify and enrich the blood, reinforce and tone up the general system and stimulate the sluggish circulation, thus warding off the diseases common to spring and summer. The skin, with good blood to nourish it, remains smooth and soft and free of all disfiguring eruptions.

Send for our free book on diseases of the skin and write us if you desire medical advice or any special information. This will cost you nothing.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

### Large Land Sale.

One of the largest individual land sales that has ever been made to one company has just been consummated by Capt. R. E. Johnston of this city. Capt. Johnston has just sold deeds to 40,000 acres of virgin timber land located in Oconee and Pickens counties on the waters of Keowee, Toxaway, White Water and Horse Pasture rivers.

This timber was purchased by the R. E. Wood Lumber Company of Baltimore. It is understood that it is the object of the company to build a railroad up the Keowee river and convert all the timber into commercial goods by the establishment of wooden ware works, furniture factories, tanneries, etc.

The depths of the mountains of that section will also be investigated to find the hidden wealth that no doubt exists. The company that has made this purchase has unlimited means at its disposal. It was learned from Mr. Johnston that the land was paid for in cash on the transfer of the deeds.

The Wood Lumber Company will establish its Southern offices in Greenville and will do their banking business here. The sale of this immense tract of timber land will be the means of bringing a vast amount of money into this section together with unlimited energy.

Through this tract of land are innumerable water falls with thousands of horse power which can be converted into use, and thereby open up a country that has laid dormant for centuries.

This is by no means the first big lumber deal that Mr. Johnston has made. In the last several months he has sold over 50,000 acres of timber land in the upper portion of Greenville county, besides he has recently closed a deal for 20,000 acres in North Carolina, and now has others pending.

In the last twelve months Capt. Johnston has been the means of nearly \$1,000,000 being spent in this State, and this is only a shadow of what is to follow. The money investors in the various enterprises with all of which Mr. Johnston is connected have unlimited capital, and the sections to be developed by this company has laid dormant for centuries. Capt. Johnston is a citizen of this city and he is here to stay. He is a broad-gauged man, and in him the poor can always find a friend.

Mr. Johnston's acquaintance with the capitalists of the East is unlimited, and when he makes a statement in reference to timber lands it is taken for granted that it is just as represented. No doubt this is the secret of Mr. Johnston's remarkable success in his line of business.

Mr. Johnston said yesterday to a reporter for The Greenville News that the Wood Lumber Company had applied for a charter to do business in this State. The capitalization of the company is stated at \$500,000.

**CATORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Pritchard*  
Till the Judgment Day.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 18.—The will of William Worth Kendall, who died January 7, 1904, was filed in the Probate Court to-day. After bequeathing \$50,000 each to his wife, Emily C. Kendall, and his four children, Mr. Kendall creates a fund, the income of which is to be devoted to establishing a memorial to be called "The William W. Kendall Fund of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

This part of the will reads: "It is my will that the balance of my estate, \$250,000, shall be held in trust as a sacred fund, the income of which shall be used for the building up of Christ's kingdom on earth, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

"It is my will that this fund shall continue until the end of this world, when Jesus comes."

— When we miss an opportunity it is "ill luck," but when we grasp an opportunity we pride ourselves on our wisdom and forethought.

## It May Touch The Heart

Rheumatism Is Treacherous and Delay May Prove Fatal.

### GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM NOW.

# Rheumacide

Will do the work quickly, effectively and without any injury to the digestive organs. In fact, it will leave you in much better condition every way, for it cleanses the blood of poisonous lactic and uric acids that cause rheumatism, kidney troubles, indigestion, boils, chronic constipation and catarrh, and the germs that leave one an easy prey to malaria and contagious blood poison. It is not only the greatest blood purifier, but hundreds of relieved sufferers testify that it does one thing that no other remedy does—

### CURES RHEUMATISM.

"GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE."  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

## Stock Powders!

International Stock Powders,  
" " " Worm " " " Heave " " " Poultry "  
Pratt's Food,  
Kentucky Blue Grass Powders  
Merritt's Horse Powders,

Foutz Cattle Powders,  
Thacker's Cattle Powders,  
Black Draught Powders,  
Ramon's Cattle Powders,  
McGee's Cattle Powders,  
Chamblee's Cattle Powders.

Prices from 25c. to \$3.50 a Package.

## EVANS PHARMACY.

# To Stove Buyers!

Special attention is invited to a new shipment of—  
**ACORN STOVES AND RANGES**

Which we have just received, and which includes the very latest patterns, both coal or wood, adapted to the requirements of this market.

If you require anything in the Stove or Range line we solicit an opportunity to explain the merits of **THE ACORN**.

We also carry a complete and up-to-date line of **TINWARE, WOOD-ENWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS.**

Guttering, Plumbing and Electric Wiring executed on short notice.

Yours truly,  
**ARCHER & NORRIS.**

D. S. VANDIVER. J. J. MAJOR. E. P. VANDIVER.

**VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR,**

— DEALERS IN —

Carriages, Buggies, Wagons and Harness.

WE have tried to give you as liberal treatment as it was possible for us to extend, and now we ask you, one and all, to be PROMPT in your SETTLEMENT with us. Please bear this in mind, and settle the very earliest day possible, and greatly oblige.

If you Need a BUGGY we have them Cheap.

Yours truly,  
**VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.**

D. S. VANDIVER. E. P. VANDIVER.

**VANDIVER BROS.,**

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

WE have a splendid Stock of—

**STAPLE GROCERIES**

On hand at prices that no firm can beat and few equal.

Splendid Line of Shoes and Staple Dry Goods.

If you OWE US ANYTHING we believe we would appreciate a PROMPT SETTLEMENT just a little more than anybody. Try us and see if we don't.

Yours for Trade and Collections,

**VANDIVER BROS.**

**AN INVITATION.**

WE would like for all the People in Anderson County to come to us for their wants in the :

**DRUG LINE!**

Our Stock is larger and more complete than it has ever been.

Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Stationery, Paints, Seeds, Artist Materials, Perfumes,

And in fact anything that is found in an Up-to-Date Drug Store.

**Orr-Gray & Co.**

**NO BETTER PIANOS**

Made in the world, and no lower prices. Absolutely the highest grade that can be found, and the surprise is how can such high grade Pianos be had so reasonable? Well, it's this way: Pianos are being sold at too great a profit. I save you from 25 to 40 per cent in the cost. I am my own book-keeper, salesman and collector—the whole "Show." See! No worked-over, second-hand repossessed stock. I do not sell that kind. If you are a right you credit is good with me.

The best Reed Organ in the world is the "Carpeenter."

Will move to Express office December 1st.

**M. L. WILLIS.**